(Schomberg. Dd Ralph) 1489.tt.38.
Musike-Library

MOUΣIKH-IATPEIA;

OR,

A FIDDLE the beſt DOCTOR.

TUNES in themſelves have a Pre-diſpoſition to the Motion of the Spirits.

BACON, Vol. 3, p. 153.

Vulgavi FIDICEN.

HOR. EPIST. l. 2.

I love to be merry ſometimes.

REHEARSAL.

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M DCC LXXIV.

PREFACE.

THE following little Poem was only meant as a *Coup d'Eſſai.* That there is much of wit and humour loſt in the attempt, will evidently appear, if the Reader (and I promiſe him a great deal of pleaſure) will peruſe the ſubject, as it is moſt learnedly handled in a very elegant and admirable Latin Letter, publiſhed by Mr. JOHNSTON in the year 1766, and addreſſed to my ingenious friend Dr. RELHAN, who obligingly communicated it to me.—I ſhall only obſerve, that I have endeavoured to follow my reverend and judicious friend the Author, as nearly as I could, though *non paſſibus æquis*; and that I hope he will pardon the freedoms of a comic Muſe, who has ſo ludicrouſly treated what he compoſed with ſo much *grave* and profound erudition.

PREFACE.

THE following little Poem was only meant as a Trifle; but that there is much of wit and humour left in this attempt, will evidently appear, if the Reader (and I promise him a great deal of pleasure) will peruse the ladies' well learnedly handled in a very elegant and admirable Latin Letter published by Mr. JOHNSTON in the year 1656, and addressed to my ingenious friend Dr. BEALE, who obligingly communicated it to me.—I shall only observe, that I have endeavoured to follow my reverend and judicious friend the Author, as nearly as I could, though not perfectly exact; and that I hope he will pardon the freedoms of a comic Muse, who has so judiciously treated what he conceived with so much grave and profound erudition.

MOUΣIKH-IATPEIA;

OR,

A FIDDLE the beſt DOCTOR.

APOLLO wore in ancient time,—
As God of *Med'cine*, *Song*, and *Rhyme*,—
A triple crown around his brow,
As modern *Popes* of *Rome* do now;
Hence *Proteus*-like, to ſhew their ſkill,
PHYSICIANS change their trade at will,
(As ſprigs of the *Parnaſſian* Tribe,)
Turn *Poets*, *Fidlers*, and—*preſcribe*.

The Cygnet at his feet which lies, (*a*)
What tho' ſhe ſing, and ſinging dies,
'Tis not her ſong we ſhou'd ſuſpect,
Phyſick might have the ſame effect.

MUSICIANS have (without a riddle)
Remov'd diſtempers with a FIDDLE,
When learned *Doctors* nought avail'd,
And all their nauſeous drugs have fail'd.

Like a true *Ambo-dexter*, CHIRON
Could heal diſeaſe—and play the lyre on.
He taught ACHILLES and ALCIDES
To cure and fiddle—*heu! quid rides?*
ALCMENA's ſon, I own, indeed,
Did not ſo perfectly ſucceed;
For

(*a*) Vide Montfaucon. vol. 1, ch. 3, tab. 26. fig. 2. p. 63.

For under his unſkilful hand
Poor *Linus* made a ſcurvy end;—(*b*)
But do not *Tyros*, 'ere they ſave,
Send many thouſands—to their grave?

The royal PSALMIST cou'd aſſuage
And quiet SAUL's invidious rage.

ELISHA, with juſt indignation,
Refus'd prophetic inſpiration,
But ſoon as Minſtrels warm'd his breaſt,
The *Seer*, enraptur'd, ſtood confeſt.

And what did ORPHEUS not perform?—
Could he not quell the boiſterous ſtorm,
Tame ſavage beaſts, and trees uproot,
With the ſoft warbling of a flute?

Nay,—

(*b*) Ab Hercule *citharâ* occiſus.——
Natalis Comitis Mytholog. l. 4. p. 346.

Nay,—what's more wonderful to tell,
Did he not take a trip to *Hell?*
And with a ſweet melodious ſtrain
From PLUTO's realms his wife regain?
How great muſt be that man's compaſſion!—
Such dangerous trips—are out of faſhion.
On *Dolphin's* back moſt kindly taken,
A *tune*, ARION, *ſav'd thy bacon*;
The *Theban* walls ſtood firm and ſtrong,
Rais'd by AMPHION's witching ſong.

TIMOTHEUS with his ten-ſtring'd lyre
Cou'd rage inflame, and raiſe deſire,
Give courage to the coward ſlave,
Or ſhake the boſom of the brave;
And as he mov'd, from ſlow or quick,
His *Soſtenuto Fiddle-ſtick*,

His

His *Violin* ſo ſweetly ſounded,
GIARDINI's ſelf had been confounded;
To hear ſuch *muſical expreſſion!*
Had burſt his envious heart with paſſion,
And in the height of all his ire,
Had thrown his *Fiddle* in the fire.

But, leſt digreſſing may offend,
Return we to the point in hand,
To prove our bold, but true poſition;—
SOLFEGGI—*is a good phyſician.*

The power of *harmony* and *notes*
(And we may truſt what MICHELL quotes
From ſacred writings and prophane)
Will ſoothe diſeaſe, and baniſh pain;
And this—by no unlikely fiction;—
HE proves it, paſt all contradiction.

What ſays great ÆSCULAPIUS? hiſt!
(The firſt M. D. upon the liſt)
" When folks were ſeiz'd with wild commotions,
" In lieu of mixtures, purging potions,
" I call'd in aid for *ſome buffoons*,
" Before I try'd the force of *Tunes*:
" But *Tweedledum* and *Tweedledee*
" Did beſt for them—*as well as me.*"

The COAN DOCTOR* ſo profound
(His word is worth a thouſand pound)
Gives many a Caſe where *Phyſick* fail'd,
Yet *Strumming* and *Sing-Song* prevail'd.

DEMOCRITUS and THALES tell us,
(And they were very cunning fellows)

The

* HIPPOCRATES.

The chearful *tootings* of a *fife*
Were ſure reſtoratives of life,
Wou'd cure the viper's venom'd bite,
And quickly put all matters right,
Wou'd—ſo the *Piper* had but art—
Avert the plague's malignant dart.

PHILOSOPHERS of various nations
Believ'd in *charms* and *incantations*;
Their legendary tales abound
With many a cure perform'd by *ſound*;
PINDAR and HOMER both have ſaid it,—
And they were ſurely Bards of credit.

Let us for once, by way of pauſe,
Enquire into the hidden cauſe
Why *Harmony*, if well directed,
Should influence the parts affected.

Obſervers,

Obſervers, by experience, find
Whatever helps to cheer the mind,
Or can exhilarate and pleaſe,
Undoubtedly removes diſeaſe;
For then the *blood*, and *nervous juices*,
Flow undiſturb'd within their *ſluices*.
Beſides, *Phyſiologiſts* muſt own
The *Nerves* all act in UNISON,
Give life and ſpirits to the whole,
And *harmonize* the human ſoul.

And, who would not—that had their choice,—
Prefer a *Harpſichord* or *Voice*
To *Bolus*, *Julep*, *Drop*, and *Pills*,
Provided they but cur'd their ills?
This *Muſic* does—as ſeen before,
And proofs we'll bring ſtill many more.

Vouchſafe

Vouchſafe, dear MICHELL, to excuſe
The triflings of a frolick Muſe,
Who, deep engag'd in avocations,
Avails herſelf of your quotations,
(From *Greek* and *Roman* ſprings you got 'em,
Nor left one ſingle drop at bottom)
She knows, in ſpite of *ſly grimace*,
The *hidden name* and *diſtant place*,
By WHOM and WHERE the Sheets (*c*) were writ:—
Had *Dutchman* ever half your wit?

Full well you choſe the ſubject matter
To furniſh RELHAN with a letter;
—There's no one underſtands it better.
Thus far premis'd, conſult we next,
What *Plutarch* ſays upon the text:

 "When

(*c*) The *Latin* letter was pretended to be written by a *Dutch* gentleman at *Utrecht*.

" When plagues the Grecian camps devour'd,
" They ceas'd—by FIDDLES overpower'd,
" And as the Prieſts with *Harps* advanc'd,
" *Away the dire contagion danc'd.*"

PYTHAGORAS, whoſe Pupils thought
He could not have one ſingle fault,
And with implicit faith believ'd,
(Conſcious they could not be deceiv'd)
This αυτος εφη (d) of the ſchools,
And ſpread his ſyſtems and his rules.—

He ſays, by *Muſic*'s pow'rful aid,
The planetary world was made,
And as *Jove play'd his airy tune,*
Forth danc'd the Stars, the Sun, and Moon;

'Twas

(d) *He ſaid it:* a compliment paid him by his ſcholars, when they replied to an argument, thinking him infallible in his judgment.

'Twas he firſt broach'd the *Tranſmigration*,
That all things mov'd in due rotation;
Nor need we make ſo great a clatter,—
Dying—was no ſuch mighty matter;
Since Souls, when of their clay bereft,
Were only dancing right and left,
Or ſhuffling off this "mortal coil,"
Skip'd from a BACON—into BOYLE.

'Tis rumour'd that at PLATO's birth,
(He was the wiſeſt man on earth)
A ſwarm of bees around him clung,
Ay—dropp'd their honey on his tongue;
A true prognoſtic of his knowledge,
And that he'd found a ſtately college.
Does he not, treating on the Soul,
Give up to *Harmony* the whole?

In

In this the Sages all agreed,—
Then why to farther proofs proceed?
The beſt *Concertos*, when repeated,
Have oft attentive ears defeated:
So taking leave of the *Antique*,
No more we'll borrow from the Greek.

With concords, diſcords truly blended,
The ear will never be offended,
For this, ſweet *Harmony*, we're told
By all Mythologiſts of old,
Was born the well-beloved *Genus* (*e*)
Of Bully *Mars*, and Madam *Venus*;

In

(*e*) *Harmonia* dicta eſt *Veneris* et *Martis* filia, quoniam vis *muſicæ*, non ſolum erigit animos jacentes, et calamitatum miſeriarumque humanarum cumulis oppreſſos, ſuavitateque quadam perfundit, ſed etiam ad bellum viriles animos inflammat, cum *Muſica* multæ nationes ante bellum uſæ ſunt, atque nunc etiam nonnullus eſt uſus Muſicorum inſtrumentorum quibus milites ad prælium incitentur.

Natalis Comitis Mytholog. l. 9, p. 999.

In *Love* and *War* there's nought amiſs—
Since *Lovers* often *fight* and *kiſs*.

Of *Roman* Authors I could bring
A ſcore or two upon a ſtring,
But ſure a few, if I can tell,
Will ſerve the purpoſe full as well.

If we may b'lieve what VARRO writes,
In what he calls his *Attick Nights*,
When *Gout* thro' every limb is ſhooting,
And ſets the wretched patient hooting,
Or pains ſciatic twitch and tear,
And make him hollow, curſe, and ſwear,
A FIDDLE is—*experto crede*,
A remedy both ſafe and ſpeedy.

Of *lulling ſounds*, a pleaſing doſe
The witty HORACE gives to thoſe
Who wiſh to have a ſweet repoſe.

PLINY relates in many places
What *Muſick* does in various caſes;
VIRGIL preſcribes it as convenient,
By way of *never-failing lenient*.

Old SCALIGER, a Man of Letters,
Moſt deeply read in claſſick matters,
Relates a ſtory appoſite
Of a renowned *Spaniſh* Knight,
Who—when a bagpipe "*ſung i' the noſe*,"
Bep—d his breeches to his hoſe.

The beat of *Drum*, and *Trumpet*'s clangor,
Will rouſe the calmeſt coward's anger,

And

And *piping* will deſtroy the *Rats*
More efficaciouſly than *Cats:*
I'm ſure I've ſomewhere read the fact,
But where—I cannot recollect.

To SHAKESPEARE, DRYDEN, POPE, attend,
'Tis *Harmony* they recommend.

RHEDI obſerves, if you'll but read
(Nay, it is all confirm'd by MEAD)
Tarantati—(ſo the fact is
Confirm'd by long experienc'd practice)
To cure, wou'd be vexatious labour,
Unleſs you order *Pipe* and *Tabor:*
The patients have no other chance,
They muſt or die, or ſkip and dance;
Nor is this fancy, or ideal,
As might be prov'd by reaſons real

To thoſe of medical diſcerning;
Were I diſpos'd to ſhew my learning.

When *Miſs* is in the dumps, and low,
The only remedy I know
Is—STRIKE UP FIDDLES A COTILLON,
It cures her—for a half a million;
The SAME apply'd, encourage CAPERS,
The very beſt receipt for *Vapours*;
And in the fits we call the MOTHER,
There is not truly ſuch another.

Authorities both old and new
Have prov'd our firſt aſſertion true,
And clearer than the mid-day ſun,
What may by *Muſick's* pow'r be done:
So now this *Axiom* I advance,
Remove Diſeaſe by SONG and DANCE,

Rather

Rather than gulp pernicious ſlops,
And all the poiſon of the ſhops.

This—tho' to RELHAN, I declare,
For well I know his practice fair;
To ſordid notions not confin'd—
HE—IS THE FRIEND OF ALL MANKIND.

Rather than gulp pernicious flops,
And all the poison of the shops.

This—tho' to Ratan, I declare,
For well I know his practice fair;
To forbid notions not c[illegible]
He—is the Friend of Mankind.

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